

not make them see certain stars that are too far away in the infinite space; but the existence of these stars is revealed by an atmosphere of light whose source we cannot reach. So it is with virtue, its light must come from a world far away and far above us, for nothing can explain its existence in the poor world that is brightened by its rays." If this conclusion appears to us somewhat vague, we must remember that the Academy is not a religious body, although many of its members are high minded and religious men. Better than any homily, the deeds of the best among the prize winners proclaim the fact that faith in God is the safest and highest road to charity towards men.

An Anglo-French Catholic.

In Thrum's Annual for 1910, the story of Charles Warren Stoddard is told in beautiful words by Arthur Johnstone.

We could but think of Shakespeare's King Henry VIII., wherein Queen Katharine says of Griffith: "After my death I wish no other herald, No other speaker of my living actions, To keep mine honor from corruption, But such an honest chronicler as Griffith."

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

By Arthur Johnstone.

O Brother, thou hast spun our Island lore
 Into bright, golden threads that shall o'errun
 Thy web of life and glitter in the sun
 Of future years! On every Island's shore
 Thy magic lines shall long be lingered o'er,
 E'en though thy gentle life be lived and done;
 Yes, all the achievements thy deft pen hath won,
 As Time speeds shall be pored on more and more
 For their own sweetness, poetry, and truth.
 Stoddard! Hawaii remembers thee in death,
 As thou in life didst love her! Here are ruth
 And teardrops only — emblems, nature saith—
 Whereby we deck thy grave withal,—forsooth
 Crying to thee in vain with plangent breath!

Charon is always certain of his fare, and, flee men never so warily, death outspeeds them at the end. As I write there lies on my table a time-worn manuscript, penned on the familiar yellow paper in the sprawling hand of one of the cleverest, most lovable men that ever wended the Valley of Tears. Alas! gentle, gifted Stoddard is gone. To those who knew him in the early eighties, ere he last left Hawaii, his death seems almost premature, and certainly it came as a surprise to most of us. Now, this old broken time-stained sheaf of a dozen pages snatched from the dustheap of yesterdays, becomes a relic—nay, let me rather say, a memorial—of the days of the old *Saturday Press*, which unfortunately moulders in the dim limbo of Island journalism lived through and out. Ah! what days those were when Charlie Stoddard, Ralph Smith, and I foregathered around the long green editorial table in the upstairs corner of the Campbell Block, where we whiled the time between spasmodic periods of work, by discussing with a temerity beyond circumstance this and that, from title-tattle to the knottiest problems of literature and statesmanship. Truly, we were a wayward, at times I fear, a finical staff, even under the directing hand of "The Patriarch," as we surreptitiously but lovingly called our amiable Chief, Mr. Thomas G. Thrum. On the whole we were a happy family, as journalistic families go, and loved one another passing well under an outer habit of decorous indifference.

Of that genial quartet of torchbearers, Mr. Thrum and I are now left, both somewhat battered perhaps, but with our faces still set seriously against the stars, still doing duty as we see and feel it fallen to our lot; hence it seemed the one proper course to pursue when the editor of the *Annual* suggested that some more fitting appreciation should be written than contained in the casual announcements of Stoddard's death. Thus it comes that I venture to put of record these few thoughts and facts relating to the dead author and his writings about the island world of the Pacific.

Of his personality much might be said most deservedly. Even within the limits of this brief sketch something must be mentioned, because in literary matters an author's personality is the controlling influence which directs his course, be it

for better or worse; circumstance and opportunity may do much to shape the selection and final treatment of subjects, but the author's bent in literature, his style, his possession and use of those seemingly illusive qualities of apt selection and exact expression of thought, which, for want of a better term, we call genius, flow directly from his personality and temperament. From the literary point of view these qualities in Stoddard's mental make-up were vigorous and well balanced.

It is true he was a religious man, and here it is often found that men are apt to overestimate the principles which they have been taught, or have adopted in the course of life. It may be added that many are wont to fall into the habit of giving too much deference to the opinions of others similarly acquired; but what must not be lost to sight is that there are always two sides of the allegations of our maturest wisdom, just as there are two view points to our casual thoughts and decisions concerning individual life. In all of his work Stoddard recognized and followed a philosophy and method very like this, and while throughout he was a devout and, I believe, a consistent Catholic, yet happily his religious thoughts and musings did not take the objectionable form often found among religious communicants. On the whole I think we may say that his religious views are unobtrusive in his work, even where they might have been applied directly to the subject in hand; on the other part it will be found that on the subject of religious thought he has always written with restraint, without venting his own opinions or those of his church. Nay, I will go further to say that where he has directly touched on such themes—as in that most pathetic prose-mosaic, "The Lepers of Molokai"—or in fugitive sketch, or essay, will the reader find aught which might not have been written by an agnostic author of equal literary attainment.

Though Stoddard's personality was strong and lovable yet it was retarded by a streak of habitual indolence which, I fear, somewhat curtailed his literary output. However, this foible did not affect the quality of the work he has left us, while on the other hand it has enabled him to prepare for book form a series of pen-pictures in language so nearly perfect and so finely